

Nobody Loves in a Straight Line by Luddleston

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Summary:

Lance is a grammy-nominated musician who sneaks off to gay clubs because he's too bisexual to function and the paparazzi can't know half his songs are about boys.

Keith is a hipster who has never in his life heard of a "Lance McClain" because pop music is all shitty, but hey, at least the guy hitting on him can dance.

Nobody Loves in a Straight Line

Author's Note:

This all happened because I found out Lance's full name in the original was "Lance Charles McClain" and I wanted a situation in which Keith called him "Charlie".

That is literally it. And it got me into this mess. Sigh. I love this mess.

Title is from "The World is Ours" by Sinclair, which I've already used for one title I think. Love that gay jam.

Lance would like to say he didn't normally go to these kinds of places.

It wouldn't be true, because he ended up at some kind of sketchy-ass gay club pretty much whenever he didn't have a show or an event taking up his weekend. A guy had his needs, okay? And a guy as bisexual as Lance McClain needed to drink something fruity and get down to some shitty electronica while grinding on a hot dude every once in a while, but a guy as *famous* as Lance McClain couldn't do that in a big-name club. That was the thing about being a Grammy-nominated musician who was mostly popular with teenage girls—he had to act straight as hell in public.

But, one pair of colored contacts, some hair gel, and an outfit that his stylists would've burned later, nobody could possibly recognize him. Unless, you know, he had a secret gay following, which he definitely didn't, because he was *not* hot enough for that.

He leaned against the bar, scanning the club, downing the rest of his Midori sours. It was early enough that the place wasn't packed yet, which Lance liked, because it didn't immediately overwhelm him. Nobody was really dancing just yet, but there were a few people standing by the pillars separating the dance floor from the bar area.

One of them caught Lance's attention, his face lit up by his phone, fingers curled around the neck of a dark bottle, the label glared-out by the lights.

He had "Lance's type" written all over him, from the half-ponytail to the Chuck Taylors, and when he caught Lance staring, he frowned, and oh shit, Lance was being a creep. Fuck, he totally fucked this up, didn't he?

Oh. Maybe not. The guy was walking over to him, shifting his grip on the bottle so he could tip it to his lips, his phone stuffed into his pocket. "Like something you see?" he asked, and Lance shrugged and gave him the world's most obvious elevator eyes. The guy looked unimpressed with the attention.

"I'm Charlie," Lance said, sticking out his hand. It wasn't *really* a fake name; his middle name was Charles, and "Lance" was unique enough for someone to catch on.

"Keith." Keith's hand was cold from the beer bottle.

"So," Lance said, because Keith looked seconds away from pulling his phone back out, "come here often?"

Keith gave him a flat stare over another long swallow of his beer. "Seriously? That's what you're going with?" Lance was a little too focused on the bob and dip of his Adam's apple to be insulted.

"Hey, I'm a great romantic," Lance said. "The pickup lines might need some work, yeah, but you should *see* my dance moves."

"Buy me a drink, and I might let you show me," Keith said, emptying his beer and leaning around Lance to set it on the bar. Lance didn't hear what he ordered, just the, "it's on him," at the tail end.

"Little presumptuous of you," Lance said.

"Not the way you're looking at me," Keith said. The bartender passed him some kind of dark liquor in a tumbler, neat. Keith swallowed more of it than he probably should've, if he was being polite, but he didn't cough, just cleared his throat after swallowing.

Someone else shouldered their way up to the bar, and Keith stepped closer to Lance, tucking his shoulder up against Lance's side. He froze in place, not sure how to react, but Keith sighed, said, "c'mere, asshole," and tugged Lance's arm around his shoulders. Wow, his shirt was really soft. "God, you're like a million degrees," he said.

"I run hot. Lemme try that," he said, and Keith handed over his glass. Lance should've known more about alcohol, but most of the parties he went to had waiters who just handed out drinks, and he'd pretty much go for anything as long as he liked it. This was, uh, not his favorite. Some kind of whisky, or something. He made a face and handed it back, swallowing three times in a row to try to get the burning feeling out of his throat. "Ugh, I think I'll stick to stuff that's neon green."

Keith tossed back the rest of the drink, no sweat, like he was taking a shot. "You have shit taste in alcohol," he said, turning to set the glass back on the bar.

"One of us does," Lance replied, elbowing Keith in the ribs. The volume of the music rose as the DJ stepped up, and people started filling the dance floor. "Come on, dance with me! Let me seduce you."

"You can try," Keith said. His smile was a little crooked and he had dimples. Cute. He dragged Lance off to the dance floor midway through a pop song, and didn't seem bothered by the fact that Lance's hand was sweaty. When he pulled Lance to him, chest-to-chest, Lance lost the lyrics of the song to the force of the bass drop and his heart pounding in time with Keith's.

Christ, he was hotter up close, dark eyelashes that looked even thicker than falsies, his jet-black hair falling over the bridge of his nose, flushed cheeks from the alcohol, and those *lips*, dear god, Lance wanted to kiss him. He hoped Keith would let him. From the way he was winding his arm around Lance's waist and dipping his hips so he could fit his thigh between Lance's legs, it seemed like he was gonna get more than a kiss.

They danced for the next three songs, and Keith had *moves*, man; he danced like he was trying to impress Lance, or maybe outdo him. By the time the

fourth song came around, Keith had his hands in the back pockets of Lance's jeans, and they were tight jeans, okay, so Keith was basically grabbing his ass.

One hand slipped out of his pocket to go around the back of his neck, pulling him down until Keith could whisper in his ear. "I thought you were going to seduce me."

Oh, he was going to, but Keith was currently blowing him out of the water on the dancing front, so he was feeling a little more competitive than sexy, but he could *do* seductive. He put one hand on the small of Keith's back, the other on his thigh, and bumped his forehead against Keith's, ready to lay one on him as soon as the song ended, but then the next one started and the opening notes were scary familiar. Dear god, what was one of *his* songs doing being played at a gay bar?

"You ok?"

"Huh?" What the hell was this remix, even? It was awful. "Oh, nothing. Just, this song brings back memories." This had been the only popular song on his first album.

Keith tipped his head like he was listening. "I don't know it," he said. "Who the hell sings this? It's cheesy."

"How do you not know this!"

"Should I?"

"Oh my god, it was like, top ten on the charts last summer," Lance said, laughing because what the hell, Keith had no idea who he was?

"I don't follow popular music," Keith said, frowning. "Stop laughing at me!"

"Then what do you listen to?"

"I dunno. Not this," he said, jerking his head at the speakers. "I haven't recognized a single song all night."

Oh god, Lance was dancing with some kind of hipster. It was cool, though, meant Keith wouldn't realize Lance was a celebrity halfway through the night—which had never happened before, but it had always been an irrational fear of his. "You're cute," he said, ruffling the back of Keith's hair in an almost-friendly way. Keith just rolled his eyes.

"Okay, are you going to quit judging my music tastes and kiss me?" Keith asked, arching a perfect eyebrow, and wow, did he fill those in? Lance didn't get a chance to ask, because Keith pulled him down to kiss, his hot mouth smothering Lance's. He flailed for half a second, because wow, *mouth on his mouth, hello*, but settled with his hands on Keith's hips, kissed back.

They broke apart, breathless, and Lance couldn't get over the sound of *his song* (well, a shitty remix of his song) playing in the background while Keith went in for another kiss. Seriously, this was weird, making out with a guy while listening to his own voice pumping through the speakers. He tuned out the music and focused on Keith's perfect lips instead—the definition of DSL, right there.

Keith was a good kisser, if a little bitey. Thank god Lance's makeup artists were used to him showing up littered in hickies.

Lance gave as good as he got, curling his hands in Keith's shirt, pulling him closer, wiggling his hips a little bit against Keith's. Lance was crazy hard already, and Keith felt like he might've been getting there, too. "God, I'm drunk," Keith said in his ear, "like, so drunk."

"Should we stop?"

"Not that wasted, dude. I'm just like, already considering taking you home with me, and it's not even midnight." No kidding, Keith was *definitely* getting hard now; Lance could feel his bulge against his thigh.

"I have that effect on people," he said.

"*Alcohol* has that effect on people," Keith countered. "Although. I guess you're pretty cute."

"You're a master of seduction," Lance joked, but then Keith was kissing him again, and ah, shit, Keith did kinda have Lance weak for him already. They must've looked shameless, getting hot and handsy in the middle of the dance floor, but Lance had once seen a guy here pick up another dude and bounce him on his lap in midair, miming a wild fuck, so. Keith grabbed Lance's wrist and pulled until Lance's hand was on his ass, and *damn*, Keith must've somehow gotten all the ass Lance's flat butt missed out on.

"It's a five-minute walk to my apartment," Keith said, looking at him with a wicked grin that Lance kissed right off that little shit's face. "Ten if you're drunk."

It took them fifteen, because Keith shoved Lance up against a lamppost right outside the club, then someone's fence, then the wall of his apartment building to kiss him. Lance wasn't complaining.

"Hurry up," Lance said, even though the way he was practically humping Keith through the door didn't help Keith unlock the door any faster. "I'll put my key in your lock," he sniggered, and the door creaked open. Keith shoved him through it, pushed until his shoulders bumped into the wall.

"First, ew. Second, you're bottoming," he said.

"Bossy," Lance breathed, and it was supposed to come out like a purr, but it was a fucking horny sigh instead.

"You're into it." Keith had a warm hand on Lance's shoulder, keeping him pinned against the wall.

"You got me," Lance said, raising his hands in mock surrender, "I like bossy boys and being fucked in the ass."

"Good," Keith said, yanking on the neckline of his T-shirt and pulling him in for another kiss. This shirt had these artistically cut-out holes near the neck that made it look grungy, and were also great for Keith to stick his fingers through and pull Lance closer to him. Keith was wearing what had been a T-shirt at one point, but was now missing sleeves and half its sides, and it was easy for Lance to stick his hands in the huge arm-holes and feel

up the muscles on Keith's back. And there were a lot of them, Jesus, the dude must've been some kind of athlete.

Now, Lance could've easily let Keith rub up against him in the foyer until he creamed his pants, but that'd make the morning walk of shame way more awkward, because Lance absolutely *couldn't* wear these jeans without underwear. So instead, he broke the kiss and said, "you wanna show me where your bedroom is?"

"Come here," Keith said, switching his grip so he was pulling Lance by his shoulder instead of his shirt. Lance was pretty sure the door to his right was the direction of the bedroom, but Keith was too busy shoving him up against the couch and making out with him for Lance to determine a floorplan.

"C'mon," he said, pulling Keith in the direction of the probably-bedroom door. Keith shook his head and shoved Lance back onto the couch.

"Too far," he said, "we're doing it out here."

"Kinky," Lance replied.

"Lights on or off?" Keith asked, hand hovering over the switch.

"Depends. How romantic is your lighting situation?"

"I'll take that as an 'on'," Keith said, and he flicked it on, haloing his face in warm, golden light. The angle made slim shadows out of his eyelashes and he looked almost *gentle* looking down at Lance like that. Well, until he bent his head and tried to take a fucking bite out of Lance's shoulder.

"Ow, ow, Jesus *Christ!*" Lance said, shoving at his chest. "Can't you at least undress a guy before you cannibalize him?"

"Not into the biting?" Keith asked, and he went right about undressing a guy, starting with Lance's T-shirt. They really should've started with their *shoes*, which between Lance's boots and Keith's Chucks, were gonna take at least ninety seconds of unlacing.

"The hickies are fine, just don't try to take a chunk out of my shoulder, dude," Lance said, yanking Keith's shirt off, which loosened his ponytail into a mess of flyaways. It was kind of cute, especially the way Keith tugged out the ponytail and shook his hair loose. Lance sat up, turned sideways so he could go about fixing the shoe situation, and Keith followed suit. Apparently, Chucks were easier to get out of than Timberlands, because he had a half-naked Keith cuddling up to his back while he was still shucking off his boots, and wow, Keith's mouth on the nape of his neck felt *nice*.

Lance didn't exactly suffer from a lack of sexual experience, it was just that every girl he'd ever slept with had known who he was and was impressed by pretty much anything he did because sometime after the first record deal, having slept with Lance McClain became a *big thing*. Lance didn't get involved with girls anymore because it skeeved him out that he couldn't tell the difference between girls who liked *him* and girls who liked having their faces on every celebrity gossip blog in the universe.

Meeting guys incognito was nice, though, since no one was trying to get into his pants just to end up in a Cosmo article. But those encounters usually just ended with a quickie in the club bathroom (yeah, he was *that* trashy), or a handjob in someone's car out in the parking lot. He'd gone home with a guy once, blew the dude, and then ended up leaving because what was supposed to be his one-night-stand fucking *fell asleep* right after the BJ.

Which is why Keith, the kinky son-of-a-bitch, was already *blowing his fucking mind*. "You're not, like, a virgin, are you?" Keith asked, because Lance must've given him deer-in-the-headlights eyes when Keith stroked his dick through his jeans.

"God, no!" Lance protested. Because he'd had a lot of sex, okay? Well, maybe not a lot. A decent amount.

"You sure? Because you seem kinda..." Keith sat back, let Lance turn around to face him. Lance forgot what he was going to say for a second because Keith's abs were really nice.

"Uh. No, I'm not a virgin, I've just... never really had a guy like, take me home before. I'm trying not to be awkward, okay!" he said, and Keith just smiled and kissed the corner of his mouth. "I want this. You're just, like. Really hot, and I'm nervous, okay?"

"Okay," Keith said, and Lance swore to god he was blushing. "okay. It's cool. I gotta go get stuff, be right back," and he ducked into his bedroom for a second, and Lance was about to protest because *hey*, why was Keith *leaving him*, but then he realized what "stuff" was. Placated, he leaned his head against the back of the couch, letting his mind float. He was pretty drunk, even though he was only three drinks (plus a sip of Keith's) in, but he didn't feel like he was doing anything *too* stupid, especially when Keith came back in and dropped a bottle of lube and a strip of condoms on the couch next to him.

You know. Stuff.

"You really think we're gonna need all... three, four, *five* of these?" Lance asked, dangling the condoms until Keith snatched them.

"I dunno, I just grabbed them, you dick," he said, ripping one off and chucking the rest to some corner of the room. "Take your pants off."

"I see you're going to make our first time real special," Lance joked, undoing his jeans, laying back against the arm of the couch and doing nothing else, because he was needy and a little demanding, and he wanted Keith to take his clothes off for him.

"I said—"

"I know what you said, dude. Take them off for me."

"Don't call me 'dude' when I'm about to fuck you," Keith said, "I am not drunk enough for that."

His fingers curled in Lance's jeans and he pulled them down, and ooh, now Keith knew how embarrassingly hard Lance was. He was pleased with that, if the way he was smirking (smirking!) at Lance's boner was any indication.

Who does that? "Stop grinning at it," Lance said, poking Keith in the belly with his foot.

"I was just thinking," Keith said, pulling his jeans all the way off, then leaning down to kiss Lance's cock through his boxers and *oh god, he was never going to get over that*, "what if I bend you over the back of the couch and fuck you?"

"I mean, other than the fact that I might get jizz on your couch, I'm all for it," Lance said, and Keith pulled a face like he hadn't thought about that particular outcome.

Keith reached for the tissue box on the end table and dropped it on the couch. "Easy access," he said, and yeah, Lance supposed it was kind of genius of him, especially when the two of them were way too drunk to clean up after themselves. Sloppy drunk. "Don't get jizz on my couch."

"I make no promises."

"Just shut up," Keith said, kissing him again, teeth in his bottom lip.

"God, yes. Take me, baby," Lance said, and oof, that was a little close to a lyric. A lyric Keith didn't know, but nonetheless it was cringe-worthy for him to almost-quote his own songs during sexytime.

He tried to sit up but didn't get far, because Keith plastered himself to Lance's front and kissed his mouth open, straddling him while Lance undid his pants—they were these weird, fake-leather fabric but they made his butt look great, so Lance could forgive the late-80s vibe. The fly was a series of four buttons, which was a little beyond Drunk Lance's abilities, but with enough yanking, they came open, and Keith got his cock out, and *fuck*, Lance kind of wanted his mouth on that.

That would require some serious gymnastics, though, so Lance got his hand on him instead, jerking Keith in quick, firm strokes that had him breathing hard into the space under Lance's jaw. Keith pulled back, out of the way of Lance's grip, and stood.

"Come on," he said, pulling him up and around the back of the couch.

"Oh god," Lance sighed, "oh god, this is happening like, now."

"You're the one who told me to take you." Keith's palms down his sides were slow and warm, almost hesitant. Like he was making sure Lance wanted it. And Lance *wanted*, hell yeah, he did, and he kissed Keith again because it was as much a yes as he could give.

They kept kissing intermittently while they undressed the rest of the way, Lance's butt against the back of the couch, stripping Keith out of his pants and Lance out of his boxers.

Lance turned around, braced his hands on the back of the couch, and bent at the waist, giving Keith a cheeky grin over his shoulder. "Alright, then, give it to me," he said, wiggling his hips a little and hoping the angle did something to make him look like he actually had an ass. Keith grabbed his hips, fingers digging in hard enough to make Lance gasp. He ran his tongue up the bumps in Lance's spine, and Lance ground back until he could feel Keith's cock against his ass.

"Slow down, Charlie," Keith said, and it sounded like he was smiling. Lance almost forgot he'd given him a fake name.

"Or you could just—wait—the fuck did the lube go?"

Keith sighed. "I got it." Lance got a very nice view of Keith's naked ass when he bent to grab the lube off the coffee table. The boy could bend-and-snap like a pro. He flipped the cap open and deposited some in his palm while he walked, dropping neatly to his knees behind Lance.

"What do you think—" Lance cut off halfway through whatever half-formed clever line he was trying to spit out when he got Keith's middle finger up his ass and his teeth in his thigh. Shit, he was gonna have hickies from neck to kneecaps at this rate. "*Christ*," he moaned, fingers tightening on the back of the couch. His nails drew lines in the suede. "Give me more."

Keith was just on the side of too rough, mouthing at the crease where Lance's ass met his thigh while he fingered him with no mercy, stretching him open, and would Keith kill him if his legs went out from under him and he just fell on top of him? He tipped forward instead, rested his chest on the couch, arms piled up on the back cushion. Keith's mouth moved to his inner thigh, and Lance spread his legs, giving him more room to work.

"Dude, you're driving me nuts," Lance moaned, glad that Keith's couch cushions were squishy enough for him to dig his fingers into them.

"What did I say about calling me 'dude'?"

"Not to do it when you're about to fuck me. And you don't seem like you're about to fuck me," he countered.

"Maybe it's because you're calling me 'dude'," Keith mumbled against his skin. He tongued the dimples on Lance's lower back.

"Maybe," Lance started, then dropped his head between his shoulders because Keith pulled his fingers out and stood and *things* were going to *happen*, "you're just a fucking tease."

Keith pushed into him and Lance moaned loud enough to wake the neighbors. "Does this feel like teasing to you?"

"Well, yeah, if you're gonna do this—hah—this just the tip bullshi—ohmyfucking—Keith." All things considered, Lance probably should have expected Keith's cock in his ass, but *shit*, he didn't think it would be this *fast*. Keith held him there for a minute, one hand splayed across his ribs, just short of where his chest was leaned against the couch, his other wrapped around Lance's thigh, his forehead pressed to the middle of Lance's back.

"God, you feel good," Keith said, his voice choked and quiet. His fingers tightened on Lance's body.

"Give me a minute," Lance breathed, "just hold on, it's—fuck, fuck. It's a lot." Lance dropped his forehead to his folded arms, and Keith put a hand

on the back of his neck, thumb rubbing over tight tendons.

Keith's voice was softer than it had been all night. "Does it hurt? Are you okay?"

"Mm. Fine. Doesn't hurt. Just intense," Lance said, and he wiggled his hips back a little, testing the feel. It made Keith moan, and he bent to put a sloppy kiss on Lance's shoulder.

"You sure?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, then can I move?"

"Will you hold still if I tell you to?" Lance asked, grinning over his shoulder.

Keith moved, and the axis of Lance's world moved with him, because *someone should have informed him that being fucked in the ass could feel this nice*. Maybe it was because Keith wasn't as crazy-fucking-huge as the last guy Lance had done this with, or maybe it was because they actually took the time to get him ready. Or it could've been the hand Keith had on Lance's cock. Yeah, it was probably that.

Weirdly, despite his impeccable rhythm on the dance floor, Keith was jerky and a little uncoordinated in bed (not that they were technically *in bed*). Maybe it was all the alcohol, but Lance was still into all Keith's short, snappy thrusts, and alcohol or not, he was *definitely* into Keith's raspy moans and bitten-off curses. Yeah, that was hot.

Neither of them were gonna last; they'd been hard since the club and teasing each other since that first kiss under the neon lights. So, it was no surprise when Keith started swearing so fast it didn't even sound like English, fucking Lance deep while he came in his ass, and holy *shit*, Lance had to grab for the tissue box like some kind of crazy person to snatch one up and make sure he didn't blow his load all over the back of Keith's couch. Suede was a bitch to clean. Keith bit Lance's shoulder-blades while he came, and

Lance was too busy overwhelming himself with orgasm to think about the weird-ass mark he was going to be left with.

Lance dropped his head onto his folded arms to muffle his shaky moans, and Keith dropped his forehead to Lance's back and breathed warmth over his spine. "Was it good for you too?" Keith asked, almost joking, and Lance absolutely did not have time for his bullshit. He reached up to smack Keith on the shoulder.

"Yes, you dork. Get out of me, Christ."

"Hold on," Keith said, and apparently he didn't have to hold on long, because he didn't even have time to cover up the weak little sigh he made when Keith pulled out. "Feeling okay?"

"Yeah, oh, *mmm*, I'm good."

"Come to bed with me?" Keith asked, putting a hand on Lance's lower back.

Lance paused for a second before following Keith into the bedroom, chucking the crumpled tissue in the trash can by the door. "I hope you're not expecting another round, dude, because my refractory period is *real*."

"Ugh, no. I can't go again." Keith sat on the bed, pulling the blankets up. "I'm going to sleep, you can share the bed if you don't snore or kick me."

"I only sleep-talk," Lance said, tentatively taking a seat next to Keith. "Are you just gonna, like, sleep naked?"

"I usually do, why?"

He shrugged and pulled the blankets up. "No reason. Do you cuddle?"

"Only when I'm tipsy. Or horny." Keith rolled to face him, his side of the blankets all the way up to his ears. It was pretty adorable.

"And are you still tipsy-slash-horny?"

"Come here, Charlie," Keith said, holding up an arm.

Lance rolled over to him, putting his back to Keith's chest. Keith was kind of chilly, honestly, especially his hands, but his breath on the back of Lance's neck was warm. He made a good big spoon, all solid and comforting. "Hey, Keith," Lance said, words spilling out against his better judgment, "my name's not Charlie. It's Lance."

"What the fuck, why were you using a fake name?" Keith mumbled into his neck.

"I wasn't! Charles is my middle name, so like. I don't know. I just said it." He stuck out a hand like he was introducing himself to Keith for the first time, breathing in through his teeth before spitting out, "Lance Charles McClain, nice to meet'cha," hoping Keith didn't recognize his name all put together.

Keith just looked at Lance'd hand for a second, then said, "okay, whatever. You're weird. Go to sleep, Lance."

His real name sounded nice coming from Keith. Lance snuggled back against him, and Keith kissed the side of his neck, dragging a hand down Lance's arm.

"Night, Keith."

Author's Note:

I'm writing all my commentary and my beginning/end notes very tipsy and VERY tired.

Visit me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula (if the tumbl-censors even show that one to the public anymore).

Talk to me about Lance's middle name and how I'm gonna have to delete half my archive if Keith and Shiro end up being canonically brothers (please don't do this to me, Dreamworks).